

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sir Roger ——— and Mr. Rob. Ferg ———

In NEWGATE

Relating to the PLOT.

Sir Rog. **T**HE Worthy Mr. Ferg—

Mr. Ferg. The Reverend Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Oh Sir, this is a smile of Fortune indeed, when in this melancholly Region of Abdication I am permitted, thanks to a kind Goaler, the conversation of the celebrated Mr. Ferg—, whose Person though I never had the Honour to be acquainted with, yet his Name and Merits have been my particular Familiariety.

Ferg. Yes Sir, I understand my Name and Merits have been your particular Intimacy; you have been both their Herauld and Historian, and have blazon'd them in capital BLACKS in many a fair Observer.

Sir Rog. Really Sir, you do me a great deal of right; I have never been sparing of Black and White: The flourish of my Quill have been profusely generous. I never saw any shining Feature, or Mosaick face, from Great Noll's Nose to Little Titus his Chin, but I have play'd the kind Lely. A beautiful Pen should never want Drapery, where my pencil could furnish it.

Ferg. 'Tis worthily said of you. You speak like a plain Dealer.

Sir Rog. But, Mr. Ferguson, I have had a long desire of kissing your Hand by the way of congratulation, and welcome to our side. From a Saul to a Paul, a Persecutor to a Devote; as there's joy even in Heaven at a sinner's conversion, give me leave to express no common Transport, in gaining so considerable a Patron to our glorious though, at present, drooping Cause.

Ferg. Ay, Sir Roger, I am a sort of a Come-over, to that drooping Cause, as you call it, Ecce signum, these Bonds.

Sir Rog. Ay, that's our common misfortune. But, Mr. Ferg—, I hope the great

Truths that I have so long preacht, published and recorded, amongst the many Eyes they have opened, have had some illumination upon Mr. Ferg—; for I should be proud of being any ways instrumental to so eminent a Conversion.

Ferg. Nay, Sir Roger, not to boast any great operation upon me; for I am a meet Volunteer, and my whole Illumination is purely my own, nevertheless I must give thee this immortal Applause, That the protestant Zealots that have had any hand in this Plot, or been well-wishers towards it, are most, if not all, thy Disciples; and all that die in it, are no better than thy Martyrs.

Sir Rog. Good Heaven forbid! My Martyrs! What, draw innocent Blood upon my head: Lord have mercy on Me. I hope you are not in earnest.

Ferg. Nay, 'tis too true for a Jest. I say nothing but what I can prove.

Sir Rog. How prove Sir! I hope you do not set up for an Evidence.

Ferg. No, Sir Roger, as I am a bonny Scot, I am more a Gentleman than to make a Peacher; not but my natural, personal Tenderness would go far, to tempt my mortal Frailty that way: However there's no danger of me in that Case, for had I an inclination towards it, I am afraid the World wants Faith, and a Ferg—'s Oracles would find but few Believers: And therefore pray Sir Roger, dispel that bodily fear: All I have to say is only *Inter nos*.

Sir Rog. Nay, then you have dispell'd my fear, and therefore pray go on with this bloody Charge against me, for I dare stand any Arraignment, where there's neither the face of Judge nor Jury, Mr. Ferg—.

Ferg. Say you so? Then pray tell me what

what are all our *Jacobite* Fools, but Pupils and Profelites to those two Pillars of thy Church, *Jure Divino* and *Passive Obedience*.

Sir Roger. And what have you to object against those two Pillars?

Ferg. Nay, no great matter, but only that a very weak *Samson* may totter them: For, in short, what is thy *Divine Right* from above, and our *Non-Resistance* below, and all thy long-winded Arguments upon that Subject, any more than so many high flown *Enthusiasms*, to help up the Golden Image of an Arbitrary *Nebuchadnezzar*, whilst that Fidle of thine, thy Observators, have been the Psaltreys and Sackbuts, to tune us to fall down and worship. A King, at this rate by thy Assertion, provided his direct Succession be unquestionable, in nothing else, though never so indirect, can be questionable: For he may Be what he please, and Do what he please, Set up what he please, and Pull down what he please, Swear what we and our Laws please, and perform what he and his No Law please; Run away from his People when he pleases, and Return when and how he please: In fine, That a Right Line sanctifies all Wrong; That the True Blood in his Veins, Entitules him to the whole Blood in our Veins; And that if he please to take it, we must please to give it him, unless our Tears or Prayers can sheild off the Blow; for Sir Roger is pleas'd to allow no other Edge-Tool or Armour, Offensive or Defensive, for our protection.

Sir Rog. Lord Sir, I am all amazement: Can you talk at this wild rate, and be one of us?

Ferg. One of You! Ay, never the worse for talking, old Boy. 'Tis a sign I am the more ingenuous Friend to your Cause, when I list under your Bannor, *ex mero motu*, frankly and generously: Nor blindly drawn into a party by Cob-web Arguments, the Gin to catch Wood-cocks; Men of Sense are above it.

Sir Rog. But sure you don't think that the Right of our Great Master, his Divine Right of Royal Inheritance in his Claim to 3 Crowns a Trissie to be thus jested with?

Ferg. Jest Sir! All Jest. There neither is, nor ever was any such Divine Right in the World.

Sir Rog. How! No Divine Right.

Ferg. Right is so far from any Claim Divine, that 'twas always the Creation of Power, and Sanction of the Community. If a lineal Chain of Succession be all thy Foundation, Pristhee, in what part of the World

wilt thou find it? How many times since the Conquest in 27 Reigns has that Succession been broken, (and if once broken, 'tis never truly rejoined again): For instance, between the Houses of *York* and *Lancashire*, those *quondam* hot, and sometime bloody Disputants of Sovereignty, How have Kings been deposed? What Changes made? and yet the present Allegiance never question'd nor disputed. What Divine Right had *Harry* the 7th. when the world will tell you his best Title lay in his Queen, and yet we never read that his People either murmur'd or quarrell'd his Recognition to the Throne, by Act of Parliament, out of any Grievance, that the Duke of *Richmond* was their Crown'd Head, and their Crown'd Heirs but a subject: Nor, as I ever heard, did his Son *Harry* the 8th. his Successor, upon the death of his Mother, claim possession before his Father's decease, by any Pretension of better Royal Blood in his own, than his Father had in his Veins.

Sir Roger. But certainly the Divine Right of Monarchs—

Ferg. Is a meer sophistry. The Juggle of Priest-craft, and pretension of Superstition. So far from any thing of Divine in the case, that God Almighty himself Abdicated (or very little better) the very first King even of his own making; laid Misgovernment to his charge, and Anointed his Successor even before his death, and that too in the person of his darling *David*, the Man after his own heart, so far from a Son or Right Heir of *Saul*, that he was no Kin to the Family, so little was Royal Succession the Care of Heaven, or ought to be the Quarrel of Man.

Sir Roger. Truly, Mr. Ferg—, you talk strange bug words, but what ever your own private Opinion is, I hope you do not broach these Tenents amongst our *Jacobite* Friends.

Ferg. Quite contrary, Sir Roger, for where *populus vult decipi decipiatur*. The Wise know better. Shall we be worse than the Race of *Ham*, uncover our own nakedness? No, Sir Roger, not all *Evangelica veritas*, but some *pia Fraus*. There's stratagem to be used in a Church Militant, as well as a Camp Militant, not all down right strength of Reason in one, nor length of Sword in the other: For Example, pray who were greater Assertors of that *Jus Divinum* Doctrine than our two last dying Friends, and as they had lived so strenuous in it, did not the wise managers of their death, those sweeteners of Mortality, the 3 *Tyburn Absolvers*, very prudently take care that they

they should dye in it as strenuously too. Ay, Sir Roger, we must not be those false Traytors to our Cause, as to bewray our own Nest.

Sir Rog. Verily, Mr. Ferg—, you discourse the Politicks of our Cause extreamly well. But to satisfy one Curiosity, pray let me quit this subject, and without offence be so bold as to ask you one single Question.

Ferg. A double one, and welcome, Sir.

Sir Rog. Considering then the Character the World gives of You, your Fluctuating Principles and uneasiness in all Governments, how comes it that those worthy Gentlemen, concerned in this Glorious, tho' dangerous Enterprize, dust lodge so great and Important a Trust with such volatile Mercury, as Mr. Ferg—'s?

Ferg. My Character, say you! Why 'tis the only thing that recommended me to their Confidence. For pray, to compare Cases between us; you are Zealots and Parrisians in a Conspiracy (forsooth) out of a principle of Right and Justice. But I am animated by a Sprightlier Fire; am for Mutiny and Mischief, right or wrong. You act by dictates of Conscience and Honour; but I have been slighted and disobliged by the present Government; and my Motives against it are Spight and Revenge. And Revenge never weighs nor disputes, when on the contrary, Honour may be tender and scrupulous: Besides, yours is but the Love, but mine the Lust of Rebellion: and Love may sometimes cool, when Lust always burns.

Sir Rog. In troth, Mr. Ferg—, this Argument favours a little too much of the *Libertine*. But you are a glorious *Don John*, and I am satisfied the worthy Gentlemen could not have made a nobler Choice, than such a Friend and Champion, as Mr. Ferg—.

Ferg. Nay Sir, since you touch me in that sensible part, I must tell you farther, That I am always the *Almanzor* of a Conspiracy. *Almanzor*-like, I know neither one side nor to'ther, any longer then I am pushing in it: But then like an *Almanzor* too, no Man pushes so heartily and so home as I do. And for distinctions of which King, or what King, in short, I run a muck at all Kings; and indeed at all Religions too: For, between Friends, My King, my Country, my Religion, my Heaven, are all centured in my self.

Sir Rog. Really Mr. Ferg—, you here give me so extraordinary, and withal so ingenious a Declaration, that I must acknowledge you a person truly worthy Admiration, though not altogether Imitation. For though you are an absolute Original, and that no mean one, Yet, I confess, 'tis such a one as I durst not Copy. My tenderer Morals are a little more

nice and squeamish; howe'er to give you your due renown; I heartily wish that all the Hands and Hearts, engaged in this Pious and honest Confederacy, had been all of your Nerve and Mould. For then, we might have hoped to have had an answerable success to the greatness of the undertaking, and Resolution of the Undertakers, and not to have had it thus poorly miscarry, by so many Slaves and Sponges, the Leaky false Brothers, whose Cowardly Revolts and Apostacy has so weakly and basely betray'd, it to our whole Causes utter Confusion and Ruine. For truly, Sir, though I myself cannot come up to your Heights, howe'er I must do you this Right, to own you one of the most qualified Instruments, to embark in any such Religious and Righteous bold Cause. For indeed, 'tis alway my Maxim, *That provided the Dagger be but Consecrated, no matter whether the hand be or no.*

Ferg. There you say Right, Sir Roger; For we have Holy Writ on our side in that point. For do we not read that *Cyrus the Great*, tho' a Heathen and Infidel, is called the Servant of God: viz. For the great ends for which God had raised him. And with the same parity of Reason, our Grand Patron *Lewis*, is the most *Christian* Servant of Jesus, though the most Faithful sworn Brother of *Mahomet*.

Sir Rog. Nay, Mr. Ferg—, now you talk of such Great Men in their Age, as a *Cyrus* and a *Lewis*. From their Great Examples, I think it but highly reasonable, and every ways honourable, that every Man that has the least glowing spark of Ambition in his Veins, shou'd, and ought to signalize himself, by doing something that may make him Great and Famous in his Generation.

Ferg. Famous in his Generation! Is that all? Ay, Famous to Posterity. That was always my Principle: To be a *Constantine*, or an *Erostratus*, to Found Churches, or Destroy Churches; Raise States, or subvert them; to do something Great either one way or t'other, (no matter which) to attempt any thing, and shrink at nothing, that may leave an Immortal Name behind me.

Sir Rog. Nay, Mr. Ferg—, there we differ. An *Erostratus* is a little too much. I declare I was never that hardy *Boutefeu* neither. 'Tis true, now you talk of that Famous *Incendary*, I confess, That fanning the Coles, or lighting the Train, to Fire or blow up a Conventicle has been my particular Master-piece and Glory. I was ever a profest *Nero* at such a Conflagration, and Sung to my Fiddle, as heartily, as that Illustrious *Roman* to his Harp, at such a Bonfire. But as to the Church of England, I was ever so wholly in her Interests (as our dear departed Mas it) so very tender there, till her protection

Protection and preservation was ever so near and dear to me, that I avow my self her proudest Knight Errant, her Dimock, her Champion; &c. And now to tell you the very top of my Ambition, and height of all my hopes, and indeed the only great thing that I designed should immortalize my Name, was one glorious Projection that I had formed for the Church of *England's* service. Oh! 'twas the only grand *Elizium* my fifty years Bellows had been blowing for. My whole Great Birth, my *Miraculum*, my —

Ferg. And pray, What was this glorious Projection?

Sir Rog. You may remember, how, at the first Protestant Wane and Dawn of Popery, in my Observations, I projected an *Accommodation* —

Ferg. Between both Churches.

Sir Rog. Right Sir, an amicable Reconciliation between the old *Roman Mother*, and the Young *English Virgin Church*: For mark you me Sir, to carry on this great work, having at that time a wonderful Influence over the *Clergy*.

Ferg. Influence! Ay, Sir Roger, thou wert whole and sole Lord of their Ascendant: An Absolute *Pontifex Maximus* amongst 'em; He the *Sacerdos Sacerdotum*, and thou the Guide of *Guides*. But pray go on.

Sir Roger. Then, what with that Ascendance, and my own dint of Eloquence, I had projected, as I told you, such an Accommodation, such an Eternal Foundation of Peace, such Pillars of an *Italicum*, that had not the obstinacy of the Times obstructed so glorious a Pile, I had built a Tower that should have reacht Heaven, without the danger of one Tongue of Confusion: Brought the *Lamb* and the *Lion* to couch together, so lovingly and harmlessly, that instead of a *Muslim* at one end of the Town, and a *Christ Church* at another, we had saved all that trouble; so hush'd, so qualified, so compos'd all Jars, till even from a *Pauls* to a *Paytricks*, from the highest to the lowest, one Roof should have held Both, as perfectly reconciled, as a Dancing School and a Meeting-house: Nay, with all that sisterly Love, even to the quietness and innocence of a *Switzerland* Congregation; not one Church amongst us but should have had *Mass* in the Morning, and *Common Prayer* in the Afternoon.

Ferg. Nay, this Design was great indeed.

Sir Roger. Great! Ay, What could be greater, especially on the Church of *England's* side? For what could have aggrandized the Church of *England* more, than her generous Hospitality

lity, in Adopting, Naturalizing and Incorporating so considerable an Addition to her Strength, Wealth and Fortunes. Whilst like one Empire, but two *Ceasars*, our Church by this *Hand-in-hand* Reign, had arriv'd to the height even of an Absolute *Muscovite Monarchy*.

Ferg. Upon my Veracity, Sir Roger, I never heard of a Design more Heroick.

Sir Rog. Ay, Mr. Ferg. had my Good Fortune been but answerable to my Good Parts, without Vanity let me tell you, I and my Politicks, had set up my Royal Pupil *James*, (pardon my boldness) a second Great *Alexander*, and my self the Great *Aristotle*.

Ferg. Ay, no doubt Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Nay, to credit my Good Parts, I always acted upon a Good Principle. I was ever for steering by the Chart of a good Conscience; and though I have stood up so high for Royal Prerogative, so I always abhorred Invasion of Rights and Property; as the whole practice of my Life, even in my own most diminutive Concerns and Converse with Mankind, sufficiently testifies.

Ferg. So very tender Conscienced say you, in all your Concerns! Nay, there you must pardon me. For I have heard a kind of an Out-cry amongst some Authors and Book-sellers.

Sir Rog. That would pick a hole in my Scutcheon. Alas! poor snarlers. I know their Malice. Look you, Mr. Ferg., in my Reign of *Imprimatur*, when I was Sovereign Comptroller of the Press, I have made bold sometimes, with a little innocent *Pyrrah*, borrowed an Earing or two from the *Egyptian Vermin*. For when a good Copy came to my hands, I refused it a License, and writ upon the subject my self. And all the Justice in the World for was not my Commission Absolute; I the Lord of the Gleebe, and consequently the first Fruits my own. If that be their feeble sting against me! — Look you Sir, at this very time am I now translating the Volume of the Famous *Josephus*. 'Tis true, the Original Proprietor of that Divine History has looked upon the Copy as an Estate and Inheritance. Much good may do him, with his Right and Title. I intend him a *wickum in Legs*, such a fly dash of the Pen to do his Business for him, whilst by an old flur of a little new *English* put upon it, I'll trip up his heels for't as fair and honestly, as the best fair Fall in a *Lincoln's Inn* Rounds. Here a Messenger to call Sir Rog. over to the *Marshalsea*, broke off the Conference.